VOL. I.—No. 19. MANCHESTER, Saturday, November 28, 1868. Price One Penny.

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DRYDEN.

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BEST SELECTIONS OF NEWSEASONS TEA AT J. F. MART, TEA MERCHANT, OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD

PERSONNEL OF THE COUNTY NOMINATION.

IF our representative foreigner had visited the hustings in Albert Square on Monday last, on the occasion of the South East Lancashire nomination, he would almost have been induced to believe that an election in England can actually prove a dull affair. Still this county nomination was not without features of interest. Mr. Frederick Peel who is a Privy Counciller and therefore Right Honourable, was about the tallest man upon the hustings, and Mr. John Snowdon Henry the shortest—no, there was one less—the member for the virgin constituency of Stalybridge. Mr. Henry's and Mr. Sidebottom's heads barely reached above the balustrade in front, and, as they stood in close proximity to such Anaks as Mr. Otho Hulme, Mr. W. S. Sawyer, Mr. John Holgate, and Mr. J. W. Maclure, they looked veritable Lilliputians. Mr. J. W. Maclure had his be ting book out again, and seemed to be as indefatigable as the leviathan Steele on the Epsom and Doncaster racecourses. The Right Hon. F. Peel is tall and thin, like most Whig statesmen. We have often wondered whether it is Whiggery which makes them thin, or thinness which makes them Whigs. With the exception of Lord Granville there was not, in the last Whig cabinet, a single fat member. Lord Russell never had an ounce of flesh on his bones; old Lord Halifax was as thin as a red herring. Sir George Grey, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Gladstone, The Duke of Argyle, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Stansfeld and others, were like so many of Pharaoh's lean kine, and might have been chosen, from their physical qualifications, to pack the Treasury bench like an omnibus, with as many occupants as possible. In the new Cabinet it will be quite a relief to the eye to find the burly figure of Mr. John Bright occupying a conspicuous position in front. Mr. Algernon Egerton's seconder was Mr. Jonathan Nield, of Rochdale, who looks the pink of good-nature, and bears a startling resemblance to Prince Napoleon (Jerome) and Mr. Thomas Rose. The crowd in front were somewhat noisy when Mr. Nield began to speak, but he very dexterously struck right out from the shoulder to begin with, and got a fair hearing. Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, who was looking remarkably stout and well, was proposed by the irrepressible Sir Elkanah Armitage, and Mr. Oliver Heywood performed a similar office for Mr. Frederick Peel. Mr. Oliver Heywood showed unwonted energy, and was really quite animated. He is becoming daily more like his late father, Sir Benjamin, who represented South Lancashire above thirty years since. Mr. Oliver Heywood is popular with the crowd, and it was the opinion of many in front that he ought to have been a candidate himself. Mr. F. Peel's style is House of Commons all over. With his greatcoat buttoned across his throat, he looked exactly like a parson. He folded his arms after the manner of George Canning, and when he began to speak one was transported at once to Westminster, and we almost fancied we saw the table, the red box, and the Speaker, with his big wig, seated on his chair. Mr. Algernon Egerton was very favourably received. With the exception that he wears a large, flowing black beard, he presents almost a fac-simile to the well-known portrait by Bostock of his late father when Lord Francis Egerton. Colonel Egerton has a good voice, but, as the crowd was noisy, we heard little of what he said, and for any good we got of it, he might as well have been giving the word of command to his regiment, the Third Manchester Volunteers. When Mr. John Snowdon Henry took off his hat to speak, the crowd in front became rather unruly, which seemed to disconcert him. After waiting a few moments, he suddenly ducked down his head and addressed the reporters immediately below him. This gave him the appearance of reading his speech, and the mob in front were facetious accordingly. The general opinion is that nominations in large towns have seen their day, and the experience of the last fortnight in Manchester proves that the sooner they are done away with the better.

SKETCHES OF A MANCHESTER PARISH.

OUR BAPTISMS.

WE have a goodly number of baptisms at our church in the course of the year—as many as in any other church in Manchester, except, of course, the Cathedral, which, probably, does more business in baptisms and weddings than all the rest of the city and suburban churches put together. Manchester people are very cat-like in their attachment to "th' Owd Church," and will get themselves married and their children baptized there,* though their home be miles away. So, in a minor degree, with our church, new districts are formed, and new district churches spring up on the right hand and on the left; our parishioners grow richer, and migrate further out, to better houses and purer air; but still the number of our baptisms by no means decreases; old faces appear, every now and again, at the font; and old voices, almost forgotten, tell us, Sunday after Sunday, that they were "fain to bring th' child to be christened at the old place."

Our average number of baptisms each Sunday afternoon is about eight; but there are special occasions on each of which three or four times this number are registered. These special occasions are Easter Day, Whit-Sunday, and Christmas Day. Let the reader only consider that there are always three, and commonly more, people in attendance on every baby, and he will form some idea of the crowd which blocks up our nave on these great baptism days. Let him also collect a few babies together in a cold room, and in the arms of strange nurses,† and keep them there for upwards of half-an-hour, and he will understand, in some slight degree, the melodious concert which accompanies an afternoon's christening. It is apparently a law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, that if one baby squalls, half-a-dozen more should immediately squall with it; and, though there is a well-known hymn which commences "Hark! how sweet those Infant voices!" we cannot say that the "infant voices" which have come under our experiences and into our ears are in any wise sweet, or even bearable, when the performers are multiplied.

But oh! pity the poor parson! We offer our sincere condolences to our clergy. Many a time, as they have confessed to us, do their arms ache, and hang down from very weariness, after lifting up and holding a succession of heavy babies. For, be it known to the sympathising reader, that Manchester matrons are given to a most absurd and unpleasant habit. They will not, in many cases, bring their babies to be baptized until said babies are "shortened,"—in other words, until they are several months old, sometimes even a year or more, and are vested in little short petticoats, which crush up into a bundle when the child is taken up, leaving a sturdy pair of fat, rosy legs [naked, and generally kicking, to anything but the edification of the congregation, and much to the officiating clergyman's discomfort. Kick, kick—roar, roar—a violent jerking of arms and legs—a tug at the parson's beard—a weight which numbs said parson's arm—an amount of struggling which utterly defeats his charitable intention of bringing the refractory head over the font, so as to avoid wetting baby's clothes—an ill-concealed titter on the faces of all beholders—a secret consciousness on the parson's part that the baby is getting the best of it—we can only repeat that we pity our

* "Baptized there," they may be, and to their hearts' content, for centuries to come; but as to weddings and the attendant fees, a few years will, in all probability, make a great and, so far as the Cathedral is concerned, a sad difference. On the death of the present parish clerk of Manchester (whose office is at once a dignified and lucrative one, practically performed by a deputy), the Cathedral will possess no greater privileges than any other parish church, and will only have the power of marrying those who reside in its own immediate district.

† The child is almost invariably held by one of the godmothers during the service.

clergy. The kicks and struggles of a two-year old are really no joke. Not so long ago the official prayer-book, which happened to be lying on the edge of the font, was kicked into the water, with no gentle splash; and more than once has the much-enduring parson felt his chin, with rueful look, after his beard has been tugged at by a pair of little fists.

When the child is older still, the case is even worse. We have seen a youngster of four or five years old cling desperately to his mother's skirts, and shriek forth his repugnance to leave her, until the church rang again. "Please, sir, I took the child to Mr. Jones's church, but he would not christen it; he said it was too naughty." This was gravely said one day by a woman whom one of our clergy was reproving, for not having brought her son, a fine little fellow, about six years old, to be baptized. On inquiry, it turned out that the youngster had made such prolonged and obstinate resistance that it was necessary to leave him till another opportunity, for the sake of the congregation's nerves, and the decorum to be preserved in church.

Accidents occasionally happen of a ludicrous description. One Sunday, in the middle of the service, guggle, guggle, gush went the water, and lo! it all ran out of the font, the plug not being properly pushed into the vent-pipe. A similar event, of far greater moment, happened to a clergyman in a neighbouring diocese. It was at a very grand christening. The child of many hopes and heir to great possessions was about to be baptized. The water for the ceremony had been brought all the way from the river Jordan, by some kind friend or relative who happened to have been in Palestine when the child was born. Carefully was the precious fluid poured into the font; the service began, when, behold! as in the case above, guggle, guggle, gush was heard, and the water, brought so many miles, went a little journey on its own account, and disappeared. Poor baby! it had to be baptized with English water after all!

"Hath this child been already baptized, or no?" asked our rector, on one occasion, as in duty, and according to the Prayer-book, bound to do.*

"Yes, sir," responded the godfather addressed.

"Who baptized it?"

"You did."

"When?"

The man mentioned a recent date. The rector turned to the baptismal registry, which is always carried to the font, so as to be in readiness for reference. He turned over its leaves to find the entry of the child's private baptism. Unsuccessful in his search, he asked "Are you certain that I baptized this child?"

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daughter of Mary Margaret Agnes Leyson Williams Cadwallader Lewellyn Pendleton!

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YOUR HEALTH AND SONG.

An M.P.rial Symposium.

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Mr. Birley said, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—elected and non-elected, I am no vocalist to speak of, but will attempt with your permission, the Witches' Chorus in *Macbeth*, 'When shall we three meet again.'" Mr. Birley chanted his selection in an appropriate manner, and in reply to his "health and song," said that his ditty was not entirely an apposite one, as the early Birley was *not* done ere set of sun, but very much the other way about. He begged to call upon his quondam friend Mr. Henry to *do* something.

Mr. Henry was hardly aware if he could do anything. He had been so thoroughly done himself that he did not relish the idea. He would try "One bumper at parting." If he couldn't get high enough they must look over it—he knew what *parting* was anyhow. Mr. Henry got on pretty well until about half-way through, when he broke down and substituted the song,—

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And *something* his eyes
Who ever tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.

He would like to know if Mr. Ernest Jones had any conceit of himself.

Mr. Jones said he had—a good deal, and would give them a little *morçeau* which he had written with his own blood. Mr. Jones read the effusions of his heart with much *empressement*. On his concluding—which he did with manifest signs of gratification—the chairman ordered a replenishment of bumpers, and proposed a lucid interval of ten minutes for recovery. The proposition was cordially assented to.

Mr. Bazley, calling "time," said if agreeable he would resume hostivities—he begged pardon—festilities—tivities—and would volunteer a little composition he had prepared in anticipation of some such scene as the present. He then warbled a pathetic little ditty, of which we quote the following lines :—

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Henry, Jones, and Hoare farewell ;
No more with the losing parties
Shall your Thomas take a spell.
For to Westminster at leisure,
With exultant heart I go,
Where opposing Tory measure,
No friendly hand to them I'll show.

Mr. Hoare thought the song very clever, and as personal as clever. He would try an old Scottish ditty, "Awa, Whigs, awa."

Mr. Jacob Bright wound up a very pleasant evening with a new adaptation of the finale to *Love's Labour Lost*, which he has kindly sent us, and which we give *in extenso*.

FINALE TO LOVE'S LABOUR LOST,
WITH AN OBSEQUIOUS APOLOGY TO THE BARD OF AVON.

I.

When Liberals red, and Tories blue,
With neutral muffs a shady white,
And canvassers of every hue,
Do hunt supporters day and night,
The voter then, unbribed and free,
Nerves candidates, for thus sings he,
Hurrah ;
Hurrah, hoo—ray,—O word of cheer,
Delightful to a member's ear !

II.

When eager crowds the hustings draws,
And timid sparks dread clumsy knocks ;
When Heron reads the opening clause,
And partizans march up in flocks :
The voter then, unbribed and free,
Nerves candidates, for thus sings he,
Hoo—ray ;
Hurrah, hoo—ray,—true British cheer,
Refreshing to an M.P.'s ear !

III.

When broad-sheet rags hang from the wall,
And Mitchell Henry turns his tail,
And Hoare goes back for good and all,
And bills come pelting in like hail ;
When beer is stopped and bribing foul,—
Then loud the losing factions howl,
Ya—hoo ;
Ya—haa, ya—hoo, revengeful notes,
Whilst Joan, the mayor, proclaims the votes !

IV.

When their last strain the wind-bags blow,
And hooting drowns the speaker's jaw,
And the last crowd reeks down below,
And Ernest at his "spill" looks "raw ;"
When voteless scrubs hiss, cheer, and growl,
Then losing factions loudly howl,
Ya—hoo ;
Ya—haa, ya—hoo,—derisive notes,
While Joan, the mayor, proclaims the votes !

VOICES IN THE STREET.

III.—A STRIKING OCCURRENCE.

Call you that backing your friends?—*Shakespere.*

As I sat at my window the other day, a heavy shower of rain was pattering audibly upon the pavement of the market-place. The stall-keepers had crept under the roofs of their sheds ; and people stood in the door-ways of the shops opposite my room, shaking the wet from their clothes. The little recess below my perch was crowded with a mixed company, who had crept there for shelter. The street was unusually still for a few minutes. Anon there came trickling round the corner of the fish-stalls a man with a rueful countenance. He was a little, square-built fellow, poorly dressed, and he looked like a stable-helper, or a hanger-on at some old public-house ; ready to do any kind of odd jobs, for sups of drink and bits of broken meat. One side of his face was covered with plaster, and very much swollen, and his thick, short neck was swathed in a dirty woollen tie. He seemed heedless of the rain ; for he came slowly and dolefully along, with the wet dripping from his worn-out clothing. He was working his passage along the opposite side of the street, with his hand upon his cheek, when a voice, from the recess below my window, arrested his progress.

"Heigh, Joe—come in here, mon ; thae'll be drownt !"

He halted, and gazed at the speaker, and then came slowly across, into the shelter.

"What's to do wi' thi face, owd lad?" said his friend ; "What's to do wi' thi face? It looks terrible side-heavy."

"Oh," replied he, speaking out of one corner of his mouth, "eawt o' flunters a bit—that's o."

"Ay, an' so it is, too, bi th' look on't," said his friend. "What ails it?"

"Oh—nomination."

"Nomination ! What's that? Aw thought thae'd getten th' tooth-warche, or summat."

"Well, an' I have getten th' tooth-warche, aboon a bit. But, then, I haven't quite as mony teeth as I had a fortnit, sin',—that's one comfort. An' thoose 'at's laft are wamblin' about, like chips in a ponfull o' warp-sizin'. It'll be a good while afore they getten sattlet again."

"Willta have a bite o' moufin ?"

"Aw'm livin' o' spoon-meight just neaw."

"Oh, aw see. * * * Well, an' what wur thae doin' ? Didta run again summat ?"

"Nawe ; summat ran again *me*."

"Oh ! What wur it? A cart ?"

"Nawe."

"What, then ?"

"A breek."

"Oh !"

"I said 'Oh !' too, at th' time."

"Well, an' heaw wur it done. Let a body into th' in-seet a bit."

"If thy mouth wur like mine, thae wouldn't want to cample so mich. But aw'll tell tho as weel as I con. * * * It wur done o' th' nomination day. I let of a rook o' chaps gooin' down to see th' row, an' I thought I'd go, too ; an' give a bit of a skrike for summat or another, amung th' lot. An' a bonny hullabaloo there wur agate when we geet theer. Aw geet ram-jam into th' middle ; an' aw geet primely squozzen, thae may depend. They olez say'n there's th' most thrutchin' wheer there's th' least reawm, an' it wur so theer, by th' mon ! Well, first one lot sheawted, an' then another lot sheawted ; an' I did my share, too ; for I sheawted every time onybody else sheawted—so I couldn't be so far wrang. Thae knows, I thought it wur o' getten up for a spree. * * * * Well, a after th'

clergy. The kicks and struggles of a two-year old are really no joke. Not so long ago the official prayer-book, which happened to be lying on the edge of the font, was kicked into the water, with no gentle splash; and more than once has the much-enduring parson felt his chin, with rueful look, after his beard has been tugged at by a pair of little fists.

When the child is older still, the case is even worse. We have seen a youngster of four or five years old cling desperately to his mother's skirts, and shriek forth his repugnance to leave her, until the church rang again. "Please, sir, I took the child to Mr. Jones's church, but he would not christen it; he said it was too naughty." This was gravely said one day by a woman whom one of our clergy was reproving, for not having brought her son, a fine little fellow, about six years old, to be baptized. On inquiry, it turned out that the youngster had made such prolonged and obstinate resistance that it was necessary to leave him till another opportunity, for the sake of the congregation's nerves, and the decorum to be preserved in church.

Accidents occasionally happen of a ludicrous description. One Sunday, in the middle of the service, guggle, guggle, gush went the water, and lo! it all ran out of the font, the plug not being properly pushed into the vent-pipe. A similar event, of far greater moment, happened to a clergyman in a neighbouring diocese. It was at a very grand christening. The child of many hopes and heir to great possessions was about to be baptized. The water for the ceremony had been brought all the way from the river Jordan, by some kind friend or relative who happened to have been in Palestine when the child was born. Carefully was the precious fluid poured into the font; the service began, when, behold! as in the case above, guggle, guggle, gush was heard, and the water, brought so many miles, went a little journey on its own account, and disappeared. Poor baby! it had to be baptized with English water after all!

"Hath this child been already baptized, or no?" asked our rector, on one occasion, as in duty, and according to the Prayer-book, bound to do.*

"Yes, sir," responded the godfather addressed.

"Who baptized it?"

"You did."

"When?"

The man mentioned a recent date. The rector turned to the baptismal registry, which is always carried to the font, so as to be in readiness for reference. He turned over its leaves to find the entry of the child's private baptism. Unsuccessful in his search, he asked "Are you certain that I baptized this child?"

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chaps upo' th' platform had palavert, an' co'de (called) one another a while, thoose that wur deawn i'th' front began o' sno'-bo'in' one another wi' breek and stones, an' ony mak o' bits o' things 'at coom th' first. Well, thae knows, aw use't to be a rare hond at cloddin' when aw're a lad, an' that suited me, as reet as a ribbin'. So I flang a two-three (two or three) oddments mysel'; for I began to feel as if it wur a fuut-bo' match, or summat. An' every time I chuckt a lump, I stood o' my tippy-toes, to see wheer it let (alighted). An' it's rare gam, too,—as lung as a body doesn't get hit theirsel'. But that mak o' wark doesn't onswer lung wheer there's so mony folk abeawt. Aw dropt in for't in a bit. I'd just livert (delivered) a hondful o' slutch, that let in a chap's neck-hole at stoode upo' th' platform, an' aw're clappin' my honds, an' co'in' eawt 'Here, here!' to summat or another—for I couldn't yer a word 'at noan on 'em said—when a hauve-breek coom wusk again my chops! * * * I began o' mindin' my own business at after that breek let (alighted); an' I'd quite a different way o' lookin' at things, for a minute or two. I took no moor notice o' their speeches. Th' election wur o'er,—as far as I wur consarn't. That breek satisfied me. I don't know who's getten in, to this day,—an' I don't care. My mother use't to say, 'It'll come to tho, yet,—mind if it doesn't!' An it *has* come'd. It coom o' Monday. At after that breek let, I don't believe I said another word, nobbut 'Oh my!' an' I began o' feelin' as if I didn't care abeawt stoppin' ony lunger; so I pike't off, wi' my yed deawn, for bits o' hard stuff kept flyin' up and down, thick-an'-three-fowd,—like cest-iron pigeons. I geet whoam o' someheaw; an' I've made up my mind to ha' nought no moor to do wi' elections, when they begin o' tally-graftin' wi' breek. That's that end o' my nomination-do! * * * * Well, thae knows,—I'm nobbut a poor hond at music, but my yed's bin agate o' singin' ever sin' that day!"

OUR OWN RETURNING OFFICER.

We observe that the borough of Barnstaple has just furnished the Liberal party with another Parliamentary "Cave." We commend Mr. T. Cave, who has just been elected, to the attention of the Liberal Whip.

Mr. T. Mellor has supplanted Mr. Milner Gibson in the affections of the Ashton electors. We are informed that the new voters were so eager to hasten to the poll that they hurried to it pell-Mellor.

Colonel Hogg is returned for Bath. There is a kind of merit in a Hogg taking to the water.

We are curious to learn if Colonel Gilpin, who is returned for Bedfordshire, had an ancestor whose Christian name was John, a gentleman who rode a memorable race, "'Twas for a thousand pound." If so, the winning of races appears to run in the family.

We see that Bewdly has returned Sir R. Glass in the Conservative interest. In political affairs the new member is evidently the Glass of fashion for Bewdly. His supporters, who we presume live in glass houses, have not, we trust, thrown any stones during the election.

The second member for Bath is Mr. Tite. Young Foggie says that he hears that there was always a good deal of drinking in Bath, and that a gentleman who is a little "tight" is just the man for the place. What will Mr. Raper do? Go to Bath we should imagine.

Bolton has placed Mr. Hick-up at the top of the poll.

Hope told a flattering tale to Cambridge University, and was elected.

Captain Parry goes in for Carnarvonshire. The name of Capt. Parry has been so long and intimately associated with the (North) poll that it is natural he should ultimately get to the head of it.

At Chester we notice that Earl Grosvenor is associated with Raikes. We have reason to believe that in this instance evil communications will not operate—as advertised.

AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE difference between the ancient and the modern amphitheatre helps to mark the improvement in the manners of our latter days. But a much larger stride will be marked when the modern Amphitheatre is succeeded by a period when women will cease to risk their lives for the amusement of men, when little children will not be made to do all sorts of uncomfortable things on their heads instead of being put into their cradles, when men who are apparently utterly wretched themselves will not be allowed to depress other people, merely because they are dressed like clowns, when, in short, Amphitheatres have quite disappeared. Indeed, if we draw a parallel between Rome under Tiberius, and Manchester under Mr. Grave, we shall probably find that Rome does not come out such a crooked line after all. The Romans were rude, and strong, and fearless. They were accustomed to the sight of blood, and what they witnessed they would have dared themselves. Or if the spectacle was one involving immediate risk of life, the chief actors were often condemned criminals, who, by this means, gained instead of lost a chance of life. On the other hand, we are refined, and gentle, and alive with fine sensibilities. Our victims must be dressed in silks and spangles. They are not condemned criminals, but innocent children and unprotected girls. They, too, must risk their lives, not in a grasp and a struggle, but with smiles and motions that have been studied, and paint and powder hiding their fear. To us the smiles are more terrible than screams, the motions are less graceful than the inspired contortions of fright, the paint is more ghastly than the pallor which it smears. It makes us almost feel as if we were a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* to think of it.

The Amphitheatre was not so uncomfortably crowded as the enthusiastic gentleman who writes the advertisements would lead us to suppose; but there was a fair attendance on the night we went. Speaking generally of the performance, we should say that it is an exhibition of daring rather than of skill. Seeing that not only men and women, but even small children, dance equally well on horseback, and jump through hoops, it cannot require born genius, although it unquestionably requires pluck. We suppose that there is as much difference between circus performances as there is variety of expression in Chinese faces; but one never can overcome the dreary impression that it is always the same thing over again. There is the inevitable gentleman who rides a horse trained to do everything but use its legs in the manner common to horses. At the slightest hint of applause he lifts his hat, and smiles affably, like a nobleman being cheered by his tenants. Then an emaciated party, who, notwithstanding her age, is dressed in short clothes, rides a bare-backed horse, while a clown entertains the audience whenever the horse wants a rest. Then a tumbler does something on his stomach or his head. In this instance the tumbler was called "L'homme Elastique." His body was more like a soul than a body. He was not so much human nature as India rubber. He seemed to delight in ridiculing the ordinary uses to which arms and legs are put. Then there is some more riding, and some more tumbler, and some more clown — everything exactly like everything else. It is only the avidity of childhood that could want to stay to see the end. We do not think that the opinion can be entirely explained away by the fact that our judgment is more critical than it used to be, when we say that clowns are not what they were. Of course, as children, we had a kind of superstition in the man who came in and said "How are you to-morrow?" and then held up a riding-whip, and asked "Who's lost a pocket-handerchief?" In our ingenuousness we never dreamt that he had made these jokes a thousand times before, but accepted them as the ebullitions of a ready

wit. We even nursed them the next day in our minds, and, probably, with more delight than we think now of the crispest sayings of Rochefoucauld or of Heine. Now, if the clown were to make the same kind of jokes still, we should certainly make a point of laughing at their absurdity, if only for old acquaintance sake. But at the Amphitheatre one of the clowns at least does not even pretend to be absurd. We shall hardly be believed when we say that at one point the performance is interrupted while a hypochondriac, dressed up like a clown, as if to impart a kind of agony of dullness to his words, recites a long piece of moral poetry about working-men and honesty, etc., in a slow, pompous voice. The Jesuits used to go forth into the world, skilled in different trades, and gaining respect in their temporal character before they revealed their spiritual mission. Their success depended greatly upon concealment in the first instance. Now it is just here that the clown at the Amphitheatre fails. You see at once that he is a suspended Low Church clergyman. Without disputing his character as a profound, though somewhat depressing moralist, we premise that he would have more success if he went about disguised as a grave-digger. There are different kinds of humour, and, therefore, it is no disparagement to say that his reminds one more of a grave digger than a clown. We cannot speak too highly of the gentlemen of the ring. There is something almost sublime in the unfailing cheerfulness with which they receive the exquisite pleasantries of the clowns. They are knocked down and rolled in the sawdust, and they get up as if they had never been knocked down before, and smile at the novelty of the thing.

But the principal attraction at the Amphitheatre is the performance of Mdlle. Azella on the trapeze. She is short, but admirably proportioned, and full of Spanish suppleness. Her thin lips bespeak determination, and her dark, quick eyes and sallow cheeks impart a wiry but not a masculine expression to her face. The grace and apparent ease with which she turns summersaults in the air, and always falls on her feet, inspire you with a kind of confidence, and divert your mind from the actual risk of life. But we can never forget that she is a woman. We should not like to see even Miss Becker on the flying trapeze. Lord Macaulay says that the Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. We own to the same bigotry in regard to Azella's performance. What we hate about it is the hungry applause and the ignoble encouragement of the spectators.

BAD NEWS FOR THE ALLIANCE.

The good people in John Dalton-street will regret to perceive that Colchester has elected a Brewer. Perhaps they were puzzled by a multitude of counsel.

The convivial persons who like the toast, "May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him," will hear of *the* Bass for Derby with satisfaction.

HOW TO MAKE A VENETIAN BLIND.—Bung his eyes up. (Our P. D. is the unfortunate author of the above. If any of our readers happen to have such a thing as a presentation to a reformatory about them, we can recommend him to their attention).

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENT.—Yes, the Notice to Correspondents are written by the snub-editor.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

THIS is one of those papers about which everybody has his or her own opinion—especially her. There are the matter-of-fact people, who call it by its full name, *The Saturday Review;* there are the literary and cynical people, who dub it the *Saturday;* there are the comic, genial people, who christen it the *Saturday Reviler;* and there are the ladies, who speak of it as "that *Saturday Review*." Probably there is no other paper which excites so much honest expression of foolish opinion as this one does. The sentiments of the general public are tolerably unanimous about it. They seem to unite in considering that it is very severe and very satirical. It is the tendency of all papers to become types. As the *Pall Mall* is the recognised representative of blood and culture, and as the *Times* is the representative of the great and flourishing profession of coat-turning, so the *Saturday Review* is the type of cynicism. Other papers are often, to the full, as cynical—sometimes more—but the public only recognises one paper as the organ of cynicism, and that one is the one under notice. This may arise either from the general tone of the articles published in it, or from the philosophy of cynicism being maintained with greater ability by it than by any other of its believers. Whichever of these two reasons be the true one—probably they are both true—there can be little doubt that, as a matter of fact, the power of this paper is greater than that of the others which adopt, more or less habitually, a similar style. Indeed, if the style of the composition of its articles did not recommend them, they would stand a poor chance amongst the pretty printing of the day; for they are set before the reader in a form which appears to be studiously contrived to make him most disinclined to read them. The long, monotonous columns of small type in the *Saturday Review* are an earnest of their substantial contents, for it would, indeed, be a hazardous enterprise to put uninteresting matter before the public in the very uninteresting form in which the sentiments of the *Saturday Review* are laid before its readers. The ability with which this paper is written—setting aside taste, morality, and opinion—is so generally acknowledged that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon it here. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to observing how carefully it keeps in view the judicious policy of giving its readers a sense of suppressed power in its remarks. In nearly all its articles one keeps coming across striking similes, subtle illustrations, and semi-parenthetical touches, which gives one an idea that in the writer's mind a many veins of thought lie close about the one which he is condescending to lay open to public inspection; and he does not appear to exhaust by any means either his ideas or his power of expressing them, even in connection with the particular theme upon which he may happen to be dilating. We do not mean to say that he actually does not exhaust them—for the utterances of *Saturday Reviewers* are generally more or less satirical, and it is the might of satire that it always seems more able than it is, and to cut deeper than it does—but, be the impression which one gets of consummate ability correct or not, the art of the writer is as remarkable in the one case as his power is in the other.

There is no sort of reputation more easily acquired than the reputation of being satirical. The biggest booby at an evening party has only to give vent to a few second-hand smartnesses, especially about women, and he is immediately considered "horridly cynical,"—"a satirical young man." After this fashion the *Saturday Review* has got a reputation of being far more satirical than it actually is, and as the world confessedly abhors all satire that passes beyond the evening party standard, whether it be right or wrong, the consequence is that the public cries out against opinions and expressions of this paper's which are perfectly defensible and proper. Thus when it published a very

justifiable, if not very clever, attack upon some modern girls, because it entitled its diatribe "The Girl of the Period" every female under six-and-thirty in the land chose to consider herself personally insulted, and every would-be-mother-in-law indignantly cried shame upon the scurrilous *Reviler*. Nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which the public thus endeavours to make out that writers who attack a class, attack every individual who belongs to it. Few who have considered the subject can deny that the girlish vices reprehended by the *Saturday Review* are pre-eminently the vices of the period. No one denies that amongst living girls there are many good and modest ones, but there have always been plenty of good and modest girls; whereas the particular vicious ones now in vogue belong more exclusively to to-day; and, therefore, the type of them really is the Girl of the Period, and was very properly so called by the writer in the *Saturday Review*. This is an example of the way in which satirists get libelled. Because they devote themselves to the portrayal of a side of things which is neglected by more popular scribes, the public, with characteristic correctness, immediately takes it into its remarkably lucid head that they can only see that one side, and howls at them till it is black in its intelligent face. Readers forget that satire is only a style of writing, and that geniality is the same. Every picture has two sides to it, but it is not always advisable or practicable to exhibit both at once. The natural tone of a writer's mind may impel him to the one side or the other, but it does not follow that he is therefore incapable of seeing the opposite side at all. There is not the least occasion for the public to open its eyes and stare when it finds that its truculent satirist is a very jolly fellow after all, or that its jovial genius is no better than he should be. People should remember the reputation of the *Saturday Review*, and think that when its contributors sit down to pen their articles, they naturally get their minds into the tone of the paper in order to sustain its reputation. If the public recognised the presence of the same writers in other organs, its much-staring eyes and much-gaping mouth would probably stare and gape still more. It might possibly find that its savage cynic and its genial humourist were one and the same person; indeed, at discovering that its favourite weakness was its pet aversion, the innocent public might be pardoned a little astonishment.

To the unsophisticated mind it may appear, at first sight, a little disingenuous—to say the least of it—thus to vary one's expressed convictions according to the exigencies of style. But, although even this might well be defended, it is not usual for one man to jump about the compass after this fashion The tone of his mind generally determines the line to which he keeps. We simply advance it as an illustration that the satirist is not necessarily so very satirical, or the good-humourist so very good-humoured. The minds of both may be, and generally are, much more similar than their writings. Although the one may always express censure and never praise, and the other always praise and never censure, the amounts of praise and censure which they feel may be pretty much the same. This is not dishonesty. Each may be perfectly sincere in his remarks. If any man put all his approval of a thing on one piece of paper, and all his disapproval on another, the results of criticism would be very different, although they would each be the honest convictions of the same mind. This is perfectly right. There is plenty of room in the world both for geniality and cynicism. If they were both united, no definite impression would be left on the mind. When each is presented separately, they both leave their mark. Of course, in utterances of a judicial character, it would be unjust not to commingle them; but when the aim is to convey ideas, the adoption of one style is not only justifiable, but commendable. Thus, praise and censure may be very much the same; they are both equally worthy of respect. The eulogist and the censor stand on the same footing; the only difference is, the eulogist gets blessed, and the censor gets cursed.

Although, as we have observed, it is easy to gain the reputation of being satirical, it is a great mistake to suppose that it is easier to find fault well than to see merit. To be a clever satirist requires great ability. The *Saturday Review* has this cleverness in the way of satire, and simply because it is in the way of satire, the world, while acknowledging and sometimes exaggerating it, holds it in detestation. This is unjust. As we have shown, the *Saturday Review* may be just as genial on its genial side as it is cynical upon its cynical side; and since either side is worthy of the respect which is due to its cleverness, it is unfair to attack it because it chooses to exhibit the one which is least popular. Indeed, at the present time, writers are deserving of the more credit who take that side, because the world is flooded with genial literature. When one considers the amount of empty compliment and hollow praise which is being expressed on all sides of us, one cannot fail to feel disgusted at it. When one considers it is uttered simply because it is profitable, one's disgust increases. Censure that is unpopular is wholesome; satire, which does not pay, is a relief.

We have said thus much in defence of the *Saturday Review*, because it is treated to so much injustice at other hands. But we are not of opinion that the *Saturday Review* is immaculate. Nothing, to our mind, can well be more contemptible than the lofty manner in which it loves to discuss the degeneracy of mankind and the corruption of morals as though they were curious phenomena which did not concern it in the least. To affect a carelessness of what must plunge mankind in misery, is not a pleasing trait: the affectation of vices is apt to offend us more than the vices themselves. The *Saturday Review* is also very fond of laughing at morality, which is absurd as well as contemptible. Morality is the corner stone of cynicism. For cynics to deprecate it is for them to commit a sort of suicide. If there were no such thing as morality, there would be no such thing as the *Saturday Review*.

THE PASSIONS OF THE SCIENCES.

A QUAINT English author, if we are not mistaken, has written about the "The Loves of the Plants." Judging by a paragraph in an address by Dr. Acland to the British Medical Association, we may shortly expect an essay on "The Passions of the Sciences."

In the address referred to Dr. Acland informed his audience that "chemistry, which used to be chiefly analytical, has now become enthusiastically synthetical." This is news, indeed. The idea of chemistry—that science commonly held to be so grave and so portentously austere—giving way to a giddy enthusiasm, is not easy to realise. To say that chemistry has become enthusiastically synthetical, is equivalent to saying that geology is out of spirits, or that meteorology is as well as can be expected. It is difficult to associate a great deal of excitement with the science of geography; nor is it easy to imagine the Multiplication Table in a condition of irrepressible hilarity, or the science of pneumatics in a state of boisterous good humour. It would be a new thing to describe botany as struggling with adversity, or of metallurgy being in easy circumstances. Dr. Acland affords us new glimpses of the capacity of science, and we are very glad to learn that synthetical enthusiasm is possible to chemistry.

But this learned pundit makes other revelations equally wonderful. He has something to say of the combinations of certain alcohols. Now, we have seen a good many combinations resulting from the employment of alcohol, but we scarcely suspected that so many were possible as Dr. Acland would have us believe. He says that Berthelot makes a calculation of the number of combinations with acids of certain alcohols. He says: "If you gave each a name, allowing a line for the name, then printed one hundred lines in a page, and made volumes of a thousand pages, and placed a million volumes in a library, you would need four-

teen thousand libraries for your catalogue." Fourteen thousand libraries dedicated to the description of alcoholic possibilities would surely be a fund of lively, edifying reading. It would occupy a good deal of one's spare time, and would be a nice little work for the use of night schools, or to dip into of a dinner-time. But then, one would have to be Methusaleh, or Old Parr, or a megatherium. If Dr. Acland proposes to write this library himself, we should almost wish to see what he was like when he had done it.

CHEERS BY MACHINERY.

MR. FILER, of Mr. Dickens' Christmas story, who, by the way, was clearly the literary progenitor of Mr. Gradgrind, made a deliberate and dismal journey to Manchester on Nomination Monday, in order to survey and to bewail the impulsive, and, as he describes it—irrational conduct of a non-mathematically minded constituency. Mr. Filer wanted to see what fantastic tricks were possible to a mob who had made up its mind to besiege the hustings—the moment it had tumbled out of bed. Mr. Filer is under the impression that, however irregular may be the mob, a mob does occasionally go to bed. He is equally convinced that, in some irregular manner, not visible to the eye of philosophy, a mob sometimes gets out of bed at some period of the twenty-four hours which it is good enough to consider morning. On this Monday, by a curious coincidence which only Mr. Babbage's calculating machine could account for, Mr. Filer and the mob happened to be of one mind. It occurred to both of them, that morning somehow corresponded with the hour named by His Worship the Mayor, when it had been arranged that a quantity of sweet candidate should be provided for the improvement of the sweeter voices of the persons to whom it was to be administered. Mr. Filer has nothing to say about the political aspects of the ceremony which the mob has tumbled out of its bed to assist at and to witness. He leaves that (as the reader will elsewhere perceive) to "frivolous old heathens," or, it may be, to frivolous young heathens, who happen to have a taste for it. He is not responsible, as the editor of the *Sphinx* will readily concede, for the levity, and wit, and sparkle, (those Parisian idiots call it *esprit*) which is sown broadcast over this periodical. Mr. Filer is a practical man—if he is anything, but as he has mastered much of the German philosophy, he will not be dogmatic as to the fact that he *is* anything. Being, however, as he believes, a practical man and a scientific man to boot, he has a word to say in the matter of—well, call it acoustics.

Mr. Filer heard a great noise on that Monday morning. By the favor of a fellow Filer connected with the Corporation, he witnessed and listened to, from the mathematically minded carpentry (very lovely to the geometrical eye) called The Hustings, a considerable uproar. The ephemera of the music halls somewhat irrelevantly call it "a jolly row." Irrelevant, as Mr. Filer believes, because a row and jollity are incompatible with each other. The intention of the jolly row in question—its *raison d'être*—was to create the wildest uproar conceivable. Foolish persons would suppose that it was the interest of every member of the mob who had tumbled prematurely out of bed that morning, to hear what the talkers had to talk about. The object of the mob clearly was to effect such a disturbance of the atmosphere as to dominate the "still small voices" of the several candidates. Of course the atmospheric disturbance prevailed. Mr. Filer found that it could be demonstrated that anything in the relation of ten thousand to one would be dominated by the maximum power. In a word, what is wanted on these great political occasions is more noise. The human voice is excellently adapted to produce great atmospheric concussion, as—well, why not admit it—as we occasionally find.

Mr. Filer, in a word, proposes to an ingenious Manchester generation, that cheers be fabricated by machinery. And why not! You have relieved the human voice incalculably by the production of the barrel organ. Mr. Egan, of the Queen's Theatre, will thunder you eighteenpennyworth of thunder at fifteen minutes' notice, and nobody shall be hoarse after it. A good deal could be got out of an adequate congregation of double drums. But, generally speaking, trombones and ophecleides, and their congeners, are only orchestral accompaniments. We don't want "accompaniments." We want some tremendous mechanical "principal." Mr. Filer recognises the practical side of the nursery tale in which he who could blow a blast on the horn that hung at the castle gate should win the Princess Beautiful. Couldn't the candidates do something like that. Let the crowd and the candidates change places. Instead of its being the crowd's business to rend the welkin, let it be the candidate's business to rend the welkin—by machinery. We have washing machines, and wringing machines, and all manner of mechanical subtleties. Let a medal be offered for a shouting machine. It would be a saving of labour. It would have an effect on the prevalence of hoarseness. Mr. Filer is not specially enamoured of æsthetics, but after looking at the congregation of "mugs," made preternaturally ugly by a morning's incessant shouting, he is of opinion that, even in the interests of the good looks of his fellow countrymen, mechanical invention yet owes something to the nation. Do not let us any longer, either before or behind the hustings, be compelled to listen to "those *mortal* engines whose rude throats the immortal 'Jones" dread clamours counterfeit," but let the thing be done by "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" of a new mechanical adaptation.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

A HISTORICAL FRAGMENT. IN TWO PARTS.

II.

AT a meeting held by the Society of Artists, in the lower house, on Tuesday, September 9th, 1823, it was moved, seconded, and assented to unanimously, that Mr. Perigal's "letter be now read;" and that a deputation of Artists be appointed to wait upon the committee of Gentlemen constituting the Upper House and "present the same, with a request that they would give publicity to it." Messrs. D. Parry, Perigal, and C. Calvert were the deputies chosen; and now for the letter itself:—

"To the Committee of Gentlemen appointed to take into consideration the best means of forming an Institution for the Exhibition and Encouragement of the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in the Town of Manchester.

"Gentlemen,—Impressed with the deepest sense of the prompt and very noble manner in which the claims of art have been met, and the liberality so immediately extended for its formation by the enlightened Gentlemen who have undertaken its cause, the Associated body of Artists cannot refrain from taking the earliest opportunity of expressing their truly grateful satisfaction at seeing it in hands so capable of giving stability to any undertaking. Under the auspices of such protection and powerful influence, they feel no doubt that an Institution will be formed embracing the twofold object of improvement to Artists, and an Exhibition of their Works to the public—at once exciting animation in Talent, inspiring new energies in the breast of Genius, and conferring a splendid ornament and honour upon the Town of Manchester. It was under the growing prosperity of the commercial City of Florence, and under the fostering protection of the Medici family, that the energies of Art, after laying dormant for some centuries, first revived; that a Leonarda da Vinci, a Michael Angelo and a Raffaelle, and, under the influence of their example, that a Corregio and a Titian were raised, forming a constellation of illustrious names that has shed a splendid radiance on their several states, and added an immortal renown to the Genius of Italy. And the schools thus founded, of Florence, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, have ever since continued to excite the admiration and delight of all civilized nations. With this cheering recollection on our minds, we hail, with emotions of the most ardent emulation, the dawn of an Institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts in this Town; and, under the guidance and government of such enlarged minds and liberal views, we confidently anticipate results of a kindred nature—that taste and refinement will be promoted and extended; that Talent and Genius will be invigorated and rewarded; and that celebrity and renown will add their glories to the existing wealth and prosperity of the Town

of Manchester, rendering it exalted amid the Cities of the World. Under the prospects so liberally held out to us, our hopes are elated and our faculties expanded. We pledge ourselves to use our unwearied industry, our best exertions, and our utmost Talents, to produce Works worthy of such Patronage and Encouragement. Again we beg to tender our warmest thanks for the promptitude, energy, and liberality of such enlightened views and powerful exertions towards the formation of an Institution for the Advancement of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture in this Town; and subscribe ourselves, Gentlemen, your truly grateful and obliged humble servants."

Here follow twenty-four names, all of artists, most of which we know already. The new ones are:—B. R. Falkner, Joseph Green, John Walton, Geo. Freeman, Jno. Walton, — Brown, Thos. Whaite, H. Wyatt. The society then "adjourned to Tuesday the 16th inst., at 7 p.m." At this epoch of our history Mr. Dodd, we are sorry to say, leaves us. Hear his last word as a public man: "28, King-street, Manchester. Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1823.—The Meeting of the Society of Artists, as appointed by them for this evening, did not take place at my rooms, and as no subsequent meetings of this society in a body ever took place in my presence, I am nowise further acquainted with their proceedings.—THOMAS DODD." Mr. Dodd retired with heavy heart, pondering many things; and some time after, he doesn't say when, began writing what may fitly be termed his Lamentations. We do not know when they were begun, but they were finished with a grand, not metaphorical but literal, flourish of his pen on August 3, 1830, at "No. 11, Bellevoir Terrace, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Pimlico, London."

DODD'S LAMENTATIONS AND APPEAL TO POSTERITY.

At the time when the Society of Artists left their gifted secretary, Mr. Dodd, in the lurch, he was anxious to be appointed "conservator or superintendant" of the new "establishment," conceiving himself, from the various and peculiar gifts with which he was endowed, as being "more than ordinary eligible" for such a post. Dodd believed in Dodd, and so did the artists—so much so that they got their spokesman or mouthpiece, Mr. Perigal, to draw up a "Memorial to the Gentlemen Patrons of the Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in Manchester," wherein they generously advocated his claims as follows: "We consider this recommendation as a tribute particularly due to him for his liberal offer of his premises to the purposes of an Exhibition previously to the contemplation of the present plans, which will in a great measure tend to injure him in his own pursuits by removing him from so desirable a situation for his purposes. We also feel much indebted to him for his exertions in the furtherance of those proceedings which have been the means of calling your attention towards the foundation of the present establishment." Signed by twenty-one artists. The gentleman patrons appear to have turned a deaf ear to this application on behalf of Dodd. Whereupon the neglected Dodd, with the pathos of genius crushed, breaks forth into a wail, dignified yet sad, as follows—in slightly condensed form. "From the period that the Artists convened the meeting of Gentlemen," who met on the 5th September, and "progressively added to their number," they, the gentlemen, "continued to make use of the principal rooms of my premises—holding deliberations, passing resolutions, and convening special meetings—for nearly nine months, during which they left me to my station on the ground floor to receive all messages, answer all enquiries, to attend to all their requisitions, to transmit their replies to persons in attendance, and to give ear to an infinite number of applications relating to their business, for all which services I might naturally conceive that I was entitled to some marks of courtesy, or at least to some 'prospect' of 'reward.' But here," says the indignant Dodd, rising in his tone and writing in the blank pages of his book of minutes, "here let it be recorded to all parties at this hour that, standing as I did in the situation as Tenant of the premises I held, holding in my breast the solemn pledge of the committee that I should not be deprived of any part necessary to my business, the committee, on the 3rd day of April, 1824, did, without any intimation to me whatever, transfer or make sale of the premises to Mr. R. Christie, on the precise terms at which they were obtained of Col. Ford for the special purposes of the Institution. From that hour I may date my downfall." Alas! poor Dodd! "That sweeping proceeding,—inconsiderate, fraught with distressing consequences almost inextricably involving me,—brought with it hourly, nought but trouble, vexation, losses, and mental anxiety, caused, in great measure, by the sordid and oppressive conduct of the new proprietor and the Honorary Secretary of the Institution. Daily was my tenantry assailed by Mr. Christie's imperative commands, who conceived he had power to dispossess me; open to every species of provocation from him and his colleagues, who were set in battle array against me—to oust me if possible; but that not having the intended effect I was then assailed by every possible inconvenience, such as the pulling down, in part, of the premises, whereby my business, in its conduction, was prevented; my property, consisting of a choice stock of Books, Books of Prints and Fine Engravings, upwards of Two Thousand pounds value, deteriorated; and my premises left open to the chances of robbery and peculation by the horde of irish (*sic*) labourers and other workmen employed to demolish the boundary walls, dig foundations, and in the erection of other buildings on the scite. Hence arose pressing and galling disabilities; my establishment became disorganised, leaving me no hope of carrying it on any longer where previously I had been growing into prosperity. Thus was I gradually led to abandon Manchester and try to re-establish myself in London; which I might have done but for the peculiar crisis of 1825 combined with other prevailing circumstances which retarded my operations and dispelled my hopes. So that I am now induced to accept the offer of a situation at a salary of £200 per annum from Mr. M. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street, to superintend his extensive stock of engravings, ancient and modern; and had I not possessed peculiar qualifications for such a post, I might have sought in vain for such a boon" elsewhere. "This detail presents but a faint sketch of the vicissitudes and losses" which I have experienced since "calling the attention of the Community of Manchester to the beneficial resources of Art, and in disseminating its advancement in that enterprising station, and surely, under such circumstances, the community of that Town should not feel less sensible at this day, nor hold me in less regard than my merits deserve." I need not "denote" any other of the proceedings of the committee of management. "Their own documents exhibit every matter that concerns themselves and their transactions, saving anything, I am aware of, that concerns me personally with the following exception which took place when they removed from my room to the Police office at the bottom of King-street, which they did without intimating their intention of discontinuing their sittings in my rooms. However, from the Police Office I received a copy of their resolution in my favour"—Resolved "that Dr. Hulme, Dr. Lyon, and Mr. Harding be appointed a sub-committee for the purpose of arranging the remuneration to be made to Mr. Dodd for the use of his rooms, and that the thanks of the Committee be expressed to Mr. Dodd for the accommodation" afforded by him, "and for the attention he has shewn to them on all occasions. In a week or two after," I, "Mr. Dodd received a note from the Committee accompanied by a draft for the sum of forty guineas voted by the sub-Committee as a remuneration for the use of my rooms. On receipt of this token of their well meant intentions' so far as they went; for they never took into consideration my "extraordinary services." "Still I was thankful, for the boon, and no expressions in words could evince it more than the acknowledgment I made in reply, with the re-transmittal of the boon itself to the general purposes of the establishment." Mr. Dodd's letter we do not quote. It was dated July 10, 1824. Mr. Dodd continues, "N.B.—Neither the above letter nor the Donation has ever been replied to or acknowledged, and to this day," Aug. 3, 1830, "I do not know if my name stands recorded as a contributor to the Establishment. Thus, and now I present you," posterity, presumably, "with the recital of the precious benefits" (the ironical Dodd) "that I have hitherto realized for" my "very extraordinary exertions on behalf of the Associated body of Artists in Manchester" as well as of "the Institution as it now stands, of which no one is as competent to judge as the individual who has sacrificed his assiduity, his ardour and imagination, and eventually his property, to give rise to that which proves an important result to all concerned, with the exception of the person who gave rise to the impulse to carry it into effect."

WHY IS A KIND LETTER LIKE A TEARFUL VISITOR?—It comes "greeting."

POLITICO-ASTRONOMICAL.—Eclipsed in Lancashire, but visible at Greenwich.

A DEFENCE OF THE AMATEUR GYMNASTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

Sir,—In your impression of the 14th ult. is an article on the amateur gymnasts of this institution containing so many misrepresentations as to call for some reply. I, therefore, trust you will give insertion to this letter in your next.

Passing over the decided *animus* of the writer, who finds so very little to praise, and blames nearly everything, I wish to call attention, firstly, to the following mistakes he has made. Of the first boxing encounter he says, "one or two black eyes were the result." This is quite untrue; no black eye was the result, nor any approach to such a thing, and I do not remember during seven years that such a thing has occurred in our club. In reference to the remarks as to the sensational character of some of the feats on the apparatus, I agree with the writer that they would have been better left out of the entertainment, but not so much on account of the danger, which he so much exaggerates, but on account of their worthless nature as exercises.

With respect to accidents occurring on the apparatus, the article says that "Mr. Marmon has come to grief almost as often as a gentleman jockey," and that "there is hardly a gymnast of any standing who has not suffered as often as he and Mr. Hanning." The article also refers to the latter gentleman's accident at the Free Trade Hall, and to Mr. Marmon's at Huddersfield, more recently. The mere publication in an adverse criticism of these two accidents is calculated to do much harm to the cause of physical education; but when so much is left to the inference of the timid by such incomplete statements as are contained in the article, the evil is greatly magnified. Now, the facts of the two cases referred to are these: Mr. Hanning's accident occurred, not on account of any danger in the exercise, but because of a defect in the apparatus and its temporary nature. With respect to Mr. Marmon's "*no less fearful* accident," which also occurred in consequence of defective apparatus, it was so far from being serious that he executed, within a very few minutes of its occurrence, a feat requiring both steadiness and nerve, and was in Manchester at business the next morning as usual. In short, the fact of the matter is, that accidents in gymnastic pursuits are of less frequent occurrence than at cricket, football, or rowing. As to the danger of any member of our club in lifting heavy weights, your writer has not seen the utmost that has been done, and done with ease. The weight Mr. Inglis raised on that occasion was greatly within his strength, and he was perfectly free from danger.—I remain, sir, yours, &c.,

ROBERT C. LAW, Hon. Sec. Mechanics' Institution Gymnastic Club.

Manchester, Nov. 23, 1868.

[It is only just to the writer of the article to vindicate the perfect impartiality and honesty of his criticism. He has no *animus* whatsoever either against the Mechanics' Institute Club or gymnastics generally. His censure was directed against the abuse of gymnastic exercises, and even Mr. Law, though objecting to what he considers exaggeration, is compelled to admit the substantial accuracy of the protest.—Editor SPHINX.]

MILTON.—Mr. J. L. Chester has discovered, among the marriage allegations in the Bishop of London's Registry, that the mother of John Milton was Margaret, the daughter of Paul Jeffray, of the parish of St. Swithin's, London.

ONE OF THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

THE following letter was addressed by Thackeray to an American friend shortly after his return from the United States:—

Neufchatel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853.

My dear Reed,—Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him; and as with tailors so with men; I pay my debts to my friends only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now, in consequence, have a little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa*—dinners right and left—parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed? I see you (after that little supper with McMichael) on Sunday, at your own table, when we had that good Sherry-Madeira, turning aside from the wine cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often, that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is. Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had enough of it and pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents: then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour. We spent ten days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again; and have been five days in Switzerland now; not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How great and affable, too, the landscapes! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes—the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder—but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company—keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* Is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are those people now sweating in Mayfair routs? The European Continent swarms with your people. They are not at all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper at Basle the other night, with their knives down their throats. It was awful. My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say, "My dear, your great-great-grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steal to her victuals. It's no *crime* to eat with a knife," which is all very well; but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't. Will you please beg M'Michael, when Miss Glyn, the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakespeare in your city, to call on her—do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were going to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache against to-morrow morning. By Jove, how kind you all were to me! How I like people, and want to see 'em again. You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belaboured your——

[Here the paper was turned, and the sketch revealed. At the top is written, "Pardon this rubbishing picture; but I didn't see, and can't afford to write page 3 over again."]

your country with praise in private, that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth; but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great, stupid, virtue-proud English public is, that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, Mrs. Malaprop says. I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me I am too old for story-telling; but I want money, and shall get 20,000 dollars for this, of which (D.V.) I will keep fifteen. I wish this rubbish [the sketch] were away; I might put written rubbish in its stead. Not that I have anything to say, but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton, and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again. Good-bye, my dear Reed, and believe me ever sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE MANCHESTER ELECTION.

Mr. Hugh Birley	15,486
Mr. Thomas Bazley	14,192
Mr. Jacob Bright	13,514
Mr. Joseph Hoare	12,684
Mr. Ernest Jones	10,662
Mr. Mitchell Henry	5,236

Mr. Ernest Jones was at the head of the poll in the New Cross and St. Michael's Wards; in the Exchange and St. John's Wards he was in a conspicuous minority, as compared with all the other candidates, receiving only 61 and 52 votes respectively. Mr. Mitchell Henry did not attain to a majority over all his competitors in any district. Bradford-cum-Beswick gave him proportionately the best support, and in that outlying suburb he actually polled 37 votes more than Mr. Hoare—the solitary advantage he obtained over any opponent anywhere during the contest. Mr. Bazley received 77 more votes than Mr. Birley in Exchange Ward, one more in St. James's Ward, and 39 more in Bradford-cum-Beswick. In all the others Mr. Birley was ahead. Mr. Jacob Bright polled 40 more votes than Mr. Birley in Exchange Ward; in all the others he was left in the rear. In St. Michael's, Collegiate, and St. Ann's Wards, Mr. Bright secured greater support than Mr. Bazley. Mr. Hoare polled more votes in New Cross and St. Ann's Wards (the two extremes of the social scale) than either Mr. Bazley or Mr. Bright.

Plumpers were given for each candidate, as follows:—For Birley, 600; Bazley, 173; Bright, 63; Jones, 175; Hoare, 46; and Henry the extraordinary number of 1,823. Mr. Henry also obtained 2,072 split votes with Mr. Birley; so that out of his total of 5,236, no fewer than 3,895 were given either solely to him, or to him in conjunction with one of the Conservative candidates. He also received 96 split votes with Mr. Hoare. This disposes of the statement that if Mr. Henry had not been in the field, a third Liberal candidate would have been returned. Six women voted—two for Bazley and Bright; two for Bright and Jones; one for Bazley and Jones; and one (a resident in Collegiate Ward) for Hoare and Birley.

PECKSNIFF OBJECTS TO SHELLEY.—There was a stormy scene at the final meeting of committee of the Leigh Hunt Memorial. It was proposed to inscribe on the memorial, lines from Leigh Hunt himself, from Carlyle, Lord Lytton, and Shelley. But the last name elicited a strong protest from Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*. He denounced the idea of having an infidel's writings inscribed upon a tombstone, even though the lines themselves were entirely unobjectionable. Eventually it was decided, with the full approval of the chairman, Mr. Robert Browning, that only the line from Hunt should be inscribed—

Write me as one that loved his fellow-men.

ETCHING v. WOOD ENGRAVING.

Interpretative wood engraving (as opposed to *facsimile* wood engraving) is, in the fullest and most extensive sense, popular. This is due, in part, to the greater cheapness of woodcuts, which may be cheaply printed, and will yield immense editions without deterioration; but it is also due, and in a still greater degree, to some quality in wood engraving which charms the ordinary spectator, and which is either absent from etching, or neutralised by some other peculiarity offensive to the uneducated eye. It is probable that this quality is an appearance of softness. First-rate modern wood-cutting, aided by the artifice of inserting various thicknesses of paper, so as to obtain a variety of pressure in the printing, attains a degree of softness in itself highly agreeable, and always delightful to the ignorant. Etching, on the contrary, has a natural tendency to look meagre and "scratchy," a tendency overcome only by the most skilful masters. If the reader will take the trouble to compare Mr. Birket Foster's drawings on wood, as interpreted by Mr. Edmund Evans, with the etchings of the same artist, he will at once understand the popular feeling, though he may not wholly share it. The engravings are richer and softer than the etchings; they have more amenity. It is with the fine arts as with individual men: amenity is a more popular quality than freedom or truth. Etching is like those characters in real life, too seldom appreciated at their full value, who have abundant energy, great freedom of manner, and an insight too keen to be always agreeable, and whose intense personality and originality render them almost incapable of concession or conformity. Wood engraving is usually executed in quite a different spirit. The engraver does not work passionately, like the true etcher, but gives patient and skilled labour to make his work pleasant to the eye. His art is thus more in unison with the temper of society, which likes a gentle manner and perfect training in little things, and rather objects to intellect, if it disdains conventional expression, and takes no pains to render itself agreeable. The whole life of the wood engraver is devoted to arts of interpretation, which the etcher disdains as mechanism; and it is to the perfection attained in these minor arts that the popularity of modern wood engraving is due.—*Etchers and Etching, by Philip G. Hamerton.*

AUTHOR'S HANDWRITING.

A "Reader," in the current number of the *Bookseller*, relates some of his experiences of the handwriting of authors and journalists. He says:—

Some authors give proof readers and compositors an immense deal of trouble, through careless caligraphy. Their MS. is often a mere scrawl, with the letters of words not fully written, so that but for the tails of g's and y's, and the heads of h's and l's, it would be impossible to make out their meaning. Others cannot even read their own writing, and fail to fill in blanks left in proofs of undecipherable words and sentences. Lord Brougham was one of these fast, careless writers. It once happened to me to take to his lordship a MS. which the compositors and readers had in vain endeavoured to translate into sense. I found him busy writing in his chambers, and humbly represented that his MS. was scarcely as plain as it might be. "Plain," exclaimed his lordship, "it is illegible. Here, boy, can you write?" I told him I could. "Well, then," said he, "sit down and write what I tell you." And for three hours he walked up and down the room, dictating to me an article which afterwards appeared in a popular magazine. But the very worst writer I remember was the late Mr. Crowe, leader writer on foreign topics for the *Daily News* and *Examiner*. Very few compositors would attempt to set up his MS., and even those who were accustomed to it were often compelled to leave blanks in almost every line for words they could not make out; and, but for the intelligence of the readers, and their knowledge of the foreign news of the day, it would have often been impossible to print the articles. When they were submitted in proof to the editor, he mercilessly cut them up into slips, and then when he had interpolated words and sentences for those which the compositor had failed to decipher, the proofs were commonly given out to be re-composed. On the other hand, some authors write in a hand that may be styled unique in minute accuracy. Douglas Jerrold was one of these painfully minute writers; a page of his *Illustrated Magazine* seldom occupying more space than a couple of sides of ordinary note paper. Short-sighted compositors needed spectacles of extra power to read Jerrold's microscopic caligraphy. Mr. Sala also writes in very small characters, and from his style I should imagine that his most brilliant efforts in word-painting and sentence-jugglery were produced by a slow and methodical process, quite inconsistent with its dashing and daring style. Thackeray was also a very careful writer, putting in all the points necessary to the sense, and leaving nothing to be added by compositor or reader. I was engaged on the *Cornhill* during his so-called editorship, and the number of pages set up and deleted would scarcely be credited. He was too good-natured to refuse a paper submitted by a friend, and too little of an editor to go through the drudgery of reading articles in MS., generally confining himself to the composition of his own papers, to some of which he occasionally failed to give titles till they came to him in proofs. My experience of the writing of such men as Thackeray, Tennyson, Foster, Fonblanque, Sala, Bowring, and Ruskin is of a very favourable character.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART.—It appears that some persons have "touched up" and "doctored" several unfinished pictures by the late Mr. John Philip, R.A. His executors, therefore, have given notice that they had all his pictures, finished and unfinished, photographed before they were sold, so that any touched by other hands can at once be detected. This is a novel use of photography, but one which will be of great service to the art-world at large.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place, Manchester.

C. R. N.—The lines are good, but they would be unintelligible (except in Nottingham itself) without some explanation of the incident to which they refer.

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This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

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Large Deep Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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To Cotton Manufacturers and others.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday the 7th day of December, 1868, commencing at eleven o'clock, at the Manor Mill, Dukinfield, Cheshire, the following valuable COTTON WEAVING MACHINERY and PREPARATIONS, viz.: 144 power looms, 44in. in reed space, with positive taking-up motions, weft-stopping motions, and patent temples, by Williamson and Roberts; one 52in. beaming frame; one 50in ditto, with two cones, nearly new; one new cop winding frame, 300 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Atherton; one slasher sizing machine, main cylinder 60in. diameter, 59in. on the face; second ditto, 39in. diameter, 59in. on the face, with cast-iron feed trough, copper and brass-cased rollers, steam chest, indicator, piping, and diminishing valve, by Willian and Mills, of Blackburn; size-boiling cistern, with agitator, driving-shaft, four brass taps, and wrought iron feed valve; wooden mixing trough, 8ft. long by 3ft. 3in. wide, 3ft. deep, in two compartments; 27 spare beams for slasher, large quantity of loom beams, one plaiting machine, 48in. wide, by Hacking and Co., nearly new; one cloth bundling press, for hand or power, by Jones; one new wrap reel, on mahogany stand, with scales and weights, by Walker; two new platform weighing machines, by Avery; one new grindstone, in iron trough, large quantity of usable shuttles, picking sticks, loom tins, oil cans, strapping, loom chains and weights, one large oil cistern, with brass tap; large steeping cistern for pickers, 81 sets of healds and reeds, 126 reeds, various counts, and many of them quite new; quantity of cotton healds, one 4½in. vice, with new bench; one 5in ditto; large quantity of loom castings and fittings, three new making-up tables, one large making-up counter, with store bins and shelves; joiner's bench, grindstone, in wood frame; 20 large packing skips, with covers; 140 cop skips, two large oil cans and drippers, two large wheel guards, one 18-stave ladder, one step ladder, one dry gas meter, by Defries, with piping, taps, and fittings for 150 burners.—For further particulars apply at the Auctioneer's offices, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

To Cotton Spinners.—Preliminary Notice.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS will OFFER for SALE by AUCTION, on Tuesday the 15th December, 1868, the Valuable PROPERTY, known as the Lodge Mill, Middleton.—Further particulars will be given in future advertisements, and in the meantime may be obtained on application to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street; or Messrs COOPER & SONS, solicitors, 94A, King-street, Manchester.

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